

THE DRUMS OF THE
FORE AND AFT.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

(CONTINUED.)

"Of course I am, but the other's more comfortable. Wait till you've grown a bit, Piggy. You aren't no taller than me now."

"I've bin in the army for two years, an I'm not goin' to get out of a chum's service, an don't you try to make me do so. I'll come back, Cris, an when I take on as a man I'll marry you—marry you when I'm a lance."

"Promise, Piggy?"

Lew reflected on the future as arranged by Jakin a short time previously, but Cris' mouth was very near to his own.

"I promise, s'elp me Gawd!" said Cris.

Cris slid an arm round his neck. "I won't 'old you back no more, Piggy. Go away on your medal, an I'll make you a new button bag as nice as I know how," she whispered.

"Put some of your 'air into it, Cris, an I'll keep it in my pocket so long's I'm alive."

Then Cris wept anew, and the interview ended. Public feeling among the drummer boys rose to fever pitch, and the lives of Jakin and Lew became unenviable. Not only had they been permitted to enlist two years before the regulation age—14—but, by virtue, it seemed, of their extreme youth, they were allowed to go to the front—which thing had not happened to acting drummers within the knowledge of boy. The band which was to accompany the regiment had been cut down to the regulation 20 men, the surplus returning to the ranks. Jakin and Lew were attached to the band as supernumeraries, though they would much have preferred being company buglers.

"Don't matter much," said Jakin after the medical inspection. "Be thankful that we're 'lowed to go at all. The doctor 'e said that if we could stand what we took from the hazar, our son w'd stand pretty nigh anything."

"Which we will," said Lew, looking tenderly at the ragged and ill-made housewife that Cris had given him with a lock of her hair worked into a sprawling "L" upon the cover.

"It was the best I could," she sobbed. "I wouldn't let mother nor the sergeant's tailor 'elp me. Keep it always, Piggy, an remember I love you true."

They marched to the railway station 800 strong, and every soul in cantonments turned out to see them go. The drummers gazed their teeth at Jakin and Lew marching with the band, the married women wept upon the platform, and the regiment cheered its noble self black in the face.

"A nice level lot," said the colonel to the second in command as they watched the first four companies en-training.

"Fit to do anything," said the second in command enthusiastically. "But it seems to me they're a thought too young and tender for the work in hand. It's bitter-cold up at the front now."

"They're sound enough," said the colonel. "We must take our chance of sick casualties."

So they went northward, ever northward, past drives and drives of camels, armies of camp followers and legions of laden mules, the through thickening day by day, till with a shriek the train pulled up at a hopelessly congested junction where six hours of temporary track accommodated six 40 wagon trains; where whistles blew, Baboos sweated and commissariat officers swore from dawn till far into the night amid the wind-driven cluff of the fabled baes and the lowering of a thousand steers.

"Hurry up! You're badly wanted at the front," was the message that greeted the Fore and Aft, and the occupants of the Red Cross carriages told the same tale.

"Tien! so much the bloomin' fight in," gasped a head-banded trooper of Hussars to a knot of admiring Fore and Aft. "Tien! so much the bloomin' fight in, though there's enough of that. It's the bloomin' food an the bloomin' climate. Frost all night 'cept when it hails an bilin' egg all day, an the water stinks fit to knock you down. I got my 'ead clipped like an egg. I've got pneumonia, too, an my guts is all out of order. Tatu! no bloomin' picnic in those parts. I can tell you."

"Wat are the niggers like?" demanded a private.

"There's some prisoners in that train yonder. Go an look at 'em. They're the aristocracy of the country. The common folk are a dashed sight uglier. If you want to know what they fight with, reach under my seat an pull out the long knife that's there."

They dragged out and beheld for the first time the grim, bone-banded, triangular Afghan knife. It was almost as long as Lew.

"That's the thing to 'fint you," said the trooper feebly.

"It can take off a man's arm at the shoulder as easy as slicing butter. I halved the beggar that used that on me. But there's more of his likes up above. They don't understand thrusting, but they're devils to slice."

The men strolled across the tracks to inspect the Afghan prisoners. They were unlike any "niggers" that the Fore and Aft had ever met—these huge, black-haired, scowling sons of the Dniepr. As the men stared the Afghans spat freely and muttered one to another, with lowered eyes.

"My eyes! Wat awful anwihel!" said Jakin, who was in the rear of the procession. "Say, old man, how you got pucked, eh? Kiawasi, you wasn't hanged for your ugly face, hey?"

The tallest of the company turned, his leg iron clanking at the movement, and stared at the boy. "Soe!" he cried to his fellows in Pushto. "They send children against us. What a people and what fools!"

"Hyal!" said Jakin, nodding his head cheerily. "You go down country. Khamag get, peenikajans get—live like a bloomin' raja he mark. That's a better handout than baysil get it in your innards. Goodby, ole man. Take care of your beautiful figure as you try to look rashy."

The men laughed and fell in for their first march, when they began to realize that a soldier's life was not all beer and skittles. They were much impressed with the size and bestial ferocity of the niggers whom they had now learned to call "Pnythans," and more with the exceeding discomfort of their own surroundings. Twenty old soldiers in the corps would have taught them how to make themselves moderately snug at night, but they had no old soldiers, and as the troops on the line of march said, "they lived like pigs." They learned the heart-breaking cussedness of camp kitchens and camels and the depravity of an E. P. tent and a wither wring mule. They studied animalcule in water and developed a few cases of dysentery in their study.

At the end of their third march they were disagreeably surprised by the arrival in their camp of a hammered iron slug which, fired from a steady rest at 200 yards, flicked out the brains of a private seated by the fire. This robbed them of their peace for a night and was the beginning of a long range fire carefully calculated to that end. In the daytime they saw nothing except an occasional puff of smoke from a crag above the line of march. At night there were distant spurts of flame and occasional casualties, which set the whole camp blazing into the gloom, and occasionally into opposite tents. Then they swore vehemently and vowed that this was magnificent, but not war.

Indeed it was not. The regiment could not halt for reprisals against the franc-tireurs of the countryside. Its duty was to go forward and make contact with the Scotch and Gurkha troops with which it was brigaded. The Afghans knew this and knew, too, after their first tentative shots, that they were dealing with a raw regiment. Thereafter they devoted themselves to the task of keeping the Fore and Aft on the strain. Not for anything would they have taken equal liberties with a seasoned corps—with the wicked little Gurkhas, whose delight it was to lie out in the open on a dark night and stalk their stalkers—with the terrible, big men dressed in women's clothes who could be heard praying to their God in the night watches, and whose peace of mind no amount of "sniping" could shake—or with those vile Sikhs, who marched so ostentatiously unrepaired and who dealt out such grim reward to those who tried to profit by that unpreparedness. This white regiment was different—quite different. It slept like a hog, and, like a hog, charged in every direction when it was roused. Its sentries walked with a footfall that could be heard for a quarter of a mile; would fire at anything that moved—even a driven donkey—and, when they had once fired, could be scientifically "rushed" and laid out a horror and an offense against the morning sun. Then there were camp followers who straggled and could be cut up without fear. Their shrieks would disturb the white boys, and the loss of their services would inconvenience them sorely.

Thus at every march the hidden enemy became bolder, and the regiment withered and twisted under attacks it could not avenge. The crowning triumph was a sudden night rush ending in the cutting of many tent ropes, the collapse of the sodden canvas and a glorious killing of the men who struggled and kicked below. It was a great deed, neatly carried out, and it shook the already shaken nerves of the Fore and Aft. All the courage that they had been required to exercise up to this point was the "2 o'clock in the morning courage," and they so far had only succeeded in shooting their comrades and losing their sleep.

Bullen, discontented, cold, savage, sick, with their uniforms dilled and unclean, the Fore and Aft joined their brigade.

"I hear you had a tough time of it coming up," said the brigadier. But when he saw the hospital sheets his face fell.

"This is bad," said he to himself. "They're as rotten as sheep." And aloud to the colonel: "I'm afraid we can't spare you just yet. We want all we have, else I should have given you ten days to recruit in."

The colonel winced. "On my honor, sir," he returned, "there is not the least necessity to think of sparing us. My men have been rather mauled and upset without a fair return. They only want to go in somewhere where they can see what's before them."

"Can't say I think much of the Fore and Aft," said the brigadier in confidence to his brigade major. "They're lost all their soldiering, and by the time of them might have marched through the country from the other side. A more fagged out set of men I never put eyes on."

"Oh, they'll improve as the work goes on. The parade gloss has been rubbed off a little, but they'll put on field polish before long," said the brigade major. "They've been mauled, and they quite don't understand it."

They did not. All the hitting was on one side, and it was cruelly hard hitting, with accessories that made them sick. There was also the real sickness that laid hold of a strong man and dragged him howling to the grave. Worst of all, their officers knew just as little of the country as the men themselves and looked as if they did. The Fore and Aft were in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition, but they believed that all would be well if they could once get a fair go in at the enemy. Pot shot up and down the valleys were unsatisfactory, and the bayonet never seemed to get a chance. Perhaps it was as well, for a long limbed Afghan with a knife had a reach of eight feet and could carry away enough lead to dislodge three Englishmen. The Fore and Aft would like some rifle practice at the enemy—all 700 rifles blazing together. That wish showed the mood of the men.

The Gurkhas walked into their camp, and in broken, barked room English strove to fraternize with them: offered them pipes of tobacco and stood them treat at the canteen. But the Fore and Aft, not knowing much of the nature of the Gurkhas, treated them as they would treat any other "niggers," and the little men in green trotted back to their firm friends, the highlanders, and, with many grins, confided to them: "That dam white regiment no dem use. Sniky—ugh! Dirty—ugh! Hya, any tot for Johnny!" Whereat the highlanders smoke the Gurkhas as to

the head and told them not to vilify a British regiment, and the Gurkhas grinned cavernously, for the highlanders were their elder brothers and entitled to the privileges of kinship. The common soldier who touches a Gurkha is more than likely to have his head sliced open.

Three days later the brigadier arranged a battle according to the rules of war and the peculiarity of the Afghan temperament. The enemy were massing in inconvenient strength among the hills, and the moving of many green standards warned him that the tribes were "up" in mid of the Afghan regular troops. A squadron and a half of Bengal lancers represented the available cavalry, and two screw guns, borrowed from a column 30 miles away, the artillery at the general's disposal.

"If they stand, as I've a very strong notion that they will, I fancy we shall see an infantry fight that will be worth watching," said the brigadier. "We'll do it in style. Each regiment shall be played into action by its band, and we'll hold the cavalry in reserve."

"For all the reserve?" somebody asked.

"For all the reserve, because we're going to crumple them up," said the brigadier, who was an extraordinary brigadier and did not believe in the value of a reserve when dealing with Asiatics. And indeed, when you come to think of it, had the British army consistently waited for reserves in all its little affairs, the boundaries of our empire would have stopped at Brighton beach.

That battle was to be a glorious battle.

The three regiments, debouching from three separate gorges, after duly crowning the heights above, were to converge from the center, left and right upon what we will call the Afghan army, then stationed toward the lower extremity of a flat bottomed valley. Thus it will be seen that three sides of the valley practically belonged to the English, while the fourth was strictly Afghan property. In the event of defeat the Afghans had the rocky hills to fly to, where the fire from the guerrilla tribes in aid would cover their retreat.

In the event of victory these same tribes would rush down and lend their weight to the rout of the British.

The screw guns were to shell the head of each Afghan rush that was made in close formation, and the cavalry, held in reserve in the right valley, were to gently stimulate the break up which would follow on the combined attack.

The brigadier, sitting upon a rock overlooking the valley, would watch the battle unrolled at his feet. The Fore and Aft would debouch from the central gorge, the Gurkhas from the left and the highlanders from the right, for the reason that the left flank of the enemy seemed as though it required the most hammering. It was not every day that an Afghan force would take ground in the open, and the brigadier was resolved to make the most of it.

"If we only had a few more men," he said plaintively, "we could surround the creatures and crumple 'em up thoroughly. As it is, I'm afraid we can only cut them up as they run. It's a great pity."

The Fore and Aft had enjoyed unbroken peace for five days and were beginning, in spite of dysentery, to recover their nerve. But they were not happy, for they did not know the work in hand and, had they known, would not have known how to do it. Throughout these five days in which old soldiers might have taught them the craft of the game they discussed together their misadventures in the past—how such a one was alive at dawn and dead ere the dusk, and with what shrieks and struggles such another had given up his soul under the Afghan knife. Death was a new and horrible thing to the sons of mechanics who were used to die decently of zymotic disease, and their careful conservation in barracks had done nothing to make them look upon it with less dread.

Very early in the dawn the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with a misguided enthusiasm, turned out without waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and were rewarded by being kept under arms in the cold while the other regiments leisurely prepared for the fray.

The Fore and Aft waited, leaning upon their rifles and listening to the protests of their empty stomachs. The colonel did his best to remedy the default of lining as soon as it was borne in upon him that the affair would not begin at once, and so well did he succeed that the coffee was just ready when—the men moved off, their band leading. Even then there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour. Their band wheeled to the right after reaching the open and retired behind a little rocky knoll, still playing, while the regiment went past.

It was not a pleasant sight that opened on the unobstructed view, for the lower end of the valley appeared to be filled by an army in position—real and actual regiments attired in red coats and—of this there was no doubt—firing Martini-Henry bullets, which cut up the ground 100 yards in front of the leading company. Over that pockmarked ground the regiment had to pass, and it opened the ball with a general and profound courtesy to the piping pickets, ducking in perfect time, as though it had been brazed on a rod. Being half capable of thinking for itself, it fired a volley by the simple process of pitching its rifle into its shoulder and pulling the trigger. The bullets may have accounted for some of the watchers on the hillside, but they certainly did not affect the mass of enemy in front, while the noise of the rifles drowned any orders that might have been given.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock high above all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others, and let the screw guns get off."

But the screw guns, in working round the heights, had stumbled upon a wasp's nest of a small mud fort, which they inconspicuously shelled at 800 yards, to the huge discomfort of the occupants, who were unaccustomed to weapons of such devilish precision.

[To be continued.]

THE NEWPORT MERCURY FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 27, 1899.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

PUNISHMENT OF ANIMALS THAT WAS FORMERLY IN VOGUE IN EUROPE.

They Were Sometimes Put to the Rack In Order to Extract Confession—In Other Instances They Were Buried Alive—Pigs Hanged or Burned for Murder.

Beasts were often condemned to be burned alive, and, strangely enough, it was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, in an age of comparative enlightenment, that this cruel penalty was most frequently inflicted. Occasionally a merciful judge adhered to the letter of the law by sentencing the culprit to be slightly singed, and then to be strangled before being burned.

Sometimes they were condemned to be buried alive. Such was the fate suffered by two pigs in 1450, "on the vigil of the holy virgin," at Oppenheim-on-the-Rhine, for killing a child. Animals were even put to the rack in order to extort confession. It is not to be supposed that the judges had the slightest expectation that any confession would be made; he wished simply to observe all forms prescribed by the law, and, in doing so, to motion the whole machinery of justice before pronouncing judgment.

The question, "which of such cases would seem to be only a wanton and superfluous act of cruelty, was nevertheless an important element in determining the final decision, since the death sentence could be commuted into banishment provided the criminal had not confessed under torture. The use of the rack was therefore a means of escaping the gallows. Appeals were sometimes made to higher tribunals, and the judgments of the lower courts annulled or modified. In one instance a sow and a she-ass were condemned to be hanged; on appeal and after a new trial they were sentenced to be simply knocked on the head. In another instance an appeal led to the acquittal of the accused.

In 1260, at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris, a pig, convicted of having eaten a child, was publicly burned by order of the monks of Sainte-Genevieve. In 1580 the tribunal of Padua sentenced a sow to be hanged and maimed in the head and leg, and then to be hanged, for having torn the face and arm of a child and caused its death. Here we have a strict application of the law, for the sow was dressed in man's clothes and executed in the public square, near the city hall, at the expense of the state of ten sous and ten deniers, besides a pair of gloves to the hangman.

The executioner was provided with new gloves in order that he might come from the discharge of his duty with clean hands, thus indicating that as a minister of justice he incurred no guilt in shedding blood. He was not a common butcher of swine, but a public functionary, a "maître de haute works" (maître des hautes œuvres) as he was officially styled. In 1301 a pig was found guilty of "having killed and murdered a child in the parish of Roumagne, in the county of Montclair, for which deed said pig was condemned to be drawn and hanged by Jehan Pottin, lieutenant of the bailli."

There is also extant an order issued by the magistracy of Gisors in 1405, commanding payment to be made to the carpenter who had erected the scaffold on which an ox had been executed "for its demerits."

On the 6th of June, 1576, at Schweltern, in Francoisia, a sow which had bitten off the ear and torn the hand of a child was given in custody to the hangman, who, without further authority, took it to the gallows green and then "hanged it publicly, to the disgrace and detriment of the city."

On the 10th of January, 1457, a sow was convicted of murder, committed on the person of an infant named Jehan Martin of Savigny, and sentenced to be hanged. Her six sucklings were also included in the indictment, and, as they were in default of positive proof that they had assisted in mangling the deceased, they were restored to their owner, on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime.

The Knowing Monk

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Historical and Genealogical.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
R. H. TILLEY,
NEWPORT, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

NOTES.

WHITE.—The following, taken from the "Mail and Express," of March 12, 1898, signed "M. E. D.," may be of interest to some of your readers who are following the White queries in the MERCURY.

William White, of Dartmouth, Mass., married Elizabeth Cadman, the only child of George Cadman and Hannah (Hathaway) of Dartmouth. By her he had eleven children, who are named in the will of their grandmother, Hannah (Hathaway) Cadman, dated February 12, 1749; which children "M. E. D." gives as follows, arranged in the order of their marriages:—1. Sarah White, married May 23, 1726, John Brown, of Tiverton, Rhode Island; 2. William White, married October 2, 1729, Abigail Thurston, had Hannah, Jonathan, Elizabeth and Abigail; 3. George White, died 1764, married February 18, 1730, Deborah Shaw, of Little Compton, Rhode Island. Children, Israel, Peleg, Ruth, Sarah, William, Hannah, Mary, Eunice, Sylvanus and Obadiah; 4. Roger White, married April 24, 1736, Rebecca Grinnell; 5. Christopher White, married March 4, 1739, Elizabeth Thurston, daughter of Edward Thurston, of Dartmouth, Mass.; children, Sarah, Thurston, William, Mary, Noah, Peregrine, Susannah, Elizabeth, Lucy, Pardon and Thomas; 6. Elizabeth White, died before 1749, married April 24, 1737, Benjamin Slocum of Newport, Rhode Island. Children Hannah and Mary; 7. Oliver White; 8. Abner White, died 1794 in Dutchess County, New York, married 1746, Ruth Brownell, daughter of Charles; children, Charles, William, Thomas, James, Mary and Ruth; 9. Thomas White, married 1751, Elizabeth Jenney; 10. Hannah White, married August 22, 1732, married December 27, 1750, William Taber, of Dartmouth, Mass.; 11. Susannah White, unmarried in 1768.—H. R. C.

QUERIES.

482. SAUNDERS, DODGE.—What is known of Tobias Saunders, a freeman at Newport, Rhode Island, 1655, and Mary, daughter of Joseph Clarke, Sr., Newport, Rhode Island, 1639? He lived at Westerly, Rhode Island, 1669. Whom did his son Rev. Benjamin Saunders marry? Whose daughter was his grandson's wife, Sarah Dodge, died September 12, 1866, wife of Benjamin Saunders, Warren, Conn., died May 29, 1813.—W. F.

483. HERRING.—What was the parentage of Aaron Herring, of Smithfield, Rhode Island, about 1731? He bought land in District 8, Smithfield, in 1731, of Thomas Herring, Sr. In 1734 he married Abigail Chilson, and had Jane, born 1734, Elizabeth, born 1736, William, born 1738, Aaron, Jr., born 1740, and Hannah, born 1742.—C. W. H.

484. TURNER, SMITH.—Can any one give me the dates of birth, marriage and death of William Turner, son of Lawrence and Mary (—) Turner, of Middletown, Rhode Island, and his wife Sarah Smith, daughter of Peleg Smith, of Middletown, Rhode Island, (born 1681, married November 3, 1711, died 1760) and his wife Jeannina Lord, (died 1760). Would also like to know the dates of birth, marriage and death of Susanna Turner, daughter of William and Sarah, who married Henry Gladding, bap. Nov. 16, 1746, son of Joseph Gladding (born October 2, 1704, married July 2, 1726) and wife Priscilla Cary, (born May 9, 1709) of Bristol, Rhode Island. I should be glad to know any of the missing names or dates.—E. M. T.

485. GIBBS.—Who were the ancestors of Grace Gibbs, who married in Newport, Rhode Island, April 2, 1758, Samuel, son of John and Penelope (Godfrey) Cason, of Newport, Rhode Island.—V. A.

486. MUMFORD.—I desire to know the name of the father of Island, who married, 1759, Caty Peter Mumford, who married Dunn, also of New Shoreham?

Abigail Martin, and removed to Pomfret, Conn., during the Revolution. Peter Mumford had a brother Benjamin Mumford, who was the father of John Mumford, who had a son Benjamin Mumford, who for many years was cashier of the Traders Bank at Newport, Rhode Island. I should like to know the ancestry of Peter Mumford, which I suppose was from Thomas Mumford, one of the five persons who made the Pettaquamscutt Purchase in 1657, and who is mentioned in Potter's Narragansett, p. 275.—D. P. H.

487. LAWTON, PHILLIPS.—Who were the children of Peleg Lawton and Thankful Phillips, who was the daughter of Samuel Phillips and ———— Pearce; and whom did they marry?—G. D. L.

488. HANNETT, BOLES.—Edward Hammett, born 1678, died March 20, 1745, at West Tisbury, Mass. Married Experience Boles, at Taunton, Mass., January 17, 1703-4. Am desirous of learning the names of the parents of Edward Hammett and his wife Experience Boles.—C. M. F.

489. DRING, BUTLER.—Who were the parents of Thomas Dring, of Little Compton, Rhode Island, born 1666, married May 21, 1696, Mary Butler, who was born 1670? Their daughter, Mary Dring, born April 23, 1699, died May 17, 1786, married 1724, Jonathan Stoddard, who was born 1685, and died November 4, 1774. I should also like the parentage of Mary Butler, the wife of Thomas Dring, and of Jonathan Stoddard, who married Mary Dring.—E. M. T.

490. LISLE, NICOLL.—Can any one give me the ancestry of Penelope, daughter of Warren Lisle, of Upway, England, who married John Nicoll, of New York and afterward of Newport, Rhode Island? He was born in 1720, died December 13, 1781. He married Penelope Lisle in London, England, in 1746 or 7. He was Comptroller of Customs for Rhode Island, and a prominent Tory during the Revolution. He afterward removed to New York, where he died, and his widow went back to England, and died there in 1793. The children of John and Penelope (Lisle) Nicoll were 1. John, born in England, September 15, 1748, married in Newport, Rhode Island, July 14, 1774, Sarah Boutin, of Captain John and Margaret (Hoffman) Boutin, died 1780-2. 2. Penelope, born New York, August 10, 1751; 3. Warren Lisle, born Whitehall, New York, June 15, 1753; 4. Mary, born Whitehall, New York, died young; 5. William, born New York, July 20, 1756; 6. Edward, born Whitehall, Long Island, July 17, 1760; 7. Agnes, born Whitehall, Long Island, April 19, 1763; 8. Charles, born Newport, Rhode Island, June 5, 1765; 9. Benjamin, born Newport, Rhode Island, December 13, 1767; 10. Ann Hay, born Newport, Rhode Island, October 24, 1774.—E. M. T.

491. TEW, CLARKE.—What was the ancestry of Ann Clarke, wife of Thomas Tew, of Newport, Rhode Island? He was born in 1738, died December 6, 1759, Ann Clarke, who was born 1741, and died September 9, 1822. Thomas Tew was Ensign, 1758, 1st Lieutenant, 1759, Captain 1760 and 1762, in the war in Canada, and Captain, 1775, in the Revolutionary War. Can any one give me a list of his children, with the dates of birth, marriage and death, and names of their husbands or wives?—H. E.

492. JOUVER.—There is a tradition among the descendants of Louis William Jouver that "he came to America to help fight the British in the War of the Revolution," and that he was armorer in one of Count d'Estaing's vessels, which arrived in Newport Harbor, July 29, 1778. Jouver must have returned to Newport after the fleet had left, for January 25, 1783, he married Mary Downer, who was born in Newport, February 25, 1759, and died August 14, 1835. He was born in Paris, July 13, 1751, and died in Newport, August 31, 1815. Can any one tell me whether there is in existence a list of the officers and seamen of the French fleet, or anything that would prove the above tradition to be correct or incorrect?—E. M. T.

493. HATHAWAY.—What was the maiden name of ——— Hathaway, who was the wife of William Nichols, probably of Plymouth, Mass., and mother of Moses Nichols, who served in the War of the Revolution, as a private in a Plymouth County, Mass., regiment? Dates and other information gladly received.—J. S.

494. DODGE, DENN, SPRAGUE.—What was the ancestry of Thomas Dodge of New Shoreham, Rhode Island, who married, 1759, Caty Peter Mumford, who married Dunn, also of New Shoreham?

495. UTTER.—I should like to learn the maiden name and parentage of Mary ———, wife of Zebulon Utter, of Warwick, Rhode Island. He was born in 1724, died October 30, 1802. She was born 1723, died June 20, 1866. What was the date of their marriage?—A. C.

496. COOK.—Who was Patience Cook, wife of Thomas Arnold (4), of Smithfield, Rhode Island, of Richard (3), Richard (2), Thomas (1)? He died December 11, 1765. Should like to know the dates of his wife's birth and death, his own birth, and their marriage.—B. E.

497. FOSTER.—Can any one give me the ancestry and dates of birth, and marriage and death, of Sarah Foster, wife of Toleration Harris, of Warwick, Rhode Island, of Andrew (2), William (1), born June 10, 1685, died 1767? She died about 1766. Their daughter, Mary Harris, was born December 18, 1718, died April 26, 1805, married, June 15, 1737, Obadiah Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, born October 2, 1712, died June 17, 1762, son of James and Mary (Harris) Brown.—H. B.

498. PHILLIPS.—Francis Brayton (4), of Coventry, Rhode Island, son of Thomas (3), Francis (2), Francis (1), was born March 30, 1721, died ———, and married September 9, 1742, Sarah Phillips. Who was she and what were the dates of her birth and death?—F. G.

499. CHURCH.—Does any one know the maiden name and parentage of Sarah ———, wife of Thomas Church, (3) of Little Compton, Rhode Island, of Benjamin (2), Richard (1), born 1674, married 3rd, 1719, died March 12, 1746. His wife, Sarah, was born 1695 and died April 22, 1768.—B. C.

500. LAKE.—William Burrington, of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, born December 18, 1731, died August 1794, married November 11, 1753, Sarah Lake, of Daniel and Ann (—) Lake, of David (2), David (1) Lake. Daniel Lake (3) died 1798, at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, and his wife Ann, died about 1791. I should like very much to know the dates of birth and marriage of Daniel and Ann Lake, the maiden name and ancestry of Ann, and the dates of birth and death of Sarah Lake who married William Burrington.—B. J.

ANSWERS.

367. WHITE.—Wesson Kirby, bap. April 15, 1759, married Joanna Crow, or as it was sometimes spelled, Crow. It was corrected last week as Joanna Crane, but it was Joanna Crow or Crow.—W. A. K.

454. WHITE, PECKHAM.—H. B. J. P. will re-read my answer to query 367 in Mercury of April 22, he will find that my statement about Stephen Peckham was quoted from a reply to query 188, signed H. R. C., in MERCURY of March 18. I knew nothing of the matter personally.—F. S. W.

470. COLE.—Benjamin Cole, born 1678, died Dec. 29, 1748, married Hannah Eddy, born 1680, died May 15, 1768. They were buried in the Kickemuit Cemetery, Warren, R. I., where their gravestones are still standing.—B. F. S.

473. LAWTON.—Polly Lawton, the "Quaker Belle," was born in Newport, Rhode Island, November 25, 1761. She was the daughter of Robert Lawton, born 1738, and his wife, Mary Easton, daughter of James Easton, a descendant of Governor Nicholas Easton, of Rhode Island. In 1787 Polly Lawton married John Bringhurst, of Philadelphia, a Quaker like herself, and went to live in Philadelphia. She had two children, but both died young, so no descendants of Polly Lawton are now living. She died at Philadelphia on the 11th day of the 2d month, 1793. The portrait in the Redwood Library at Newport was copied from a miniature painted in 1790. Mr. Anthony Lawton, a grandson of Robert Lawton, Polly's father, was recently living in Troy, New York. See Arnold's Vital Statistics of Rhode Island, Vol. IV, Newport, page 103. Our French Allies, by Edwin Martin Stone, pages 257-261.—E. M. T.

It is reported in Providence that the committee to select a candidate for the presidency of Brown University has fixed upon a man, whose name will be announced to the corporation, at the meeting June 3.

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PORTSMOUTH.

A week ago today the King Phillips of Fall River and the Portsmouths played a game of baseball near Mr. John L. C. Harrington's place. The result was King Phillips, 32; Portsmouths 6. There were many spectators.

The new manager of the Newport and Fall River Electric Street Railway Company, Mr. Robert S. Goff, of Fall River, and the retiring manager, Mr. E. P. Shaw, Jr., were in town a week ago today, and made a general inspection of the power house, car-barn and rolling stock.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union met, on Tuesday afternoon, with Mrs. Asa Coggeshall, on Glen street.

Mr. Harry A. Manchester, son of Postmaster Oscar O. Manchester, who is studying medicine in New York, is here for the summer.

Mr. Charles E. Case has gone to Newport and is in the employ of the George A. Weaver Company.

The asparagus growers are not reaping a very heavy crop yet on account of the cool weather; a few warm sunny days and the supply would be materially increased.

Mr. Wanton T. Sherman lost a horse this week from lock jaw, caused by sticking a nail in the foot.

Mr. M. W. Anthony spent Sunday with Mrs. John H. Brown, in Providence.

Mr. Timothy P. Durfee was able to go to Newport a week ago, the first time for several weeks.

Mr. John C. Walker is reported as getting better slowly.

TIVERTON.

Alfred Boardman of Taunton is building a retaining wall on the beach in the rear of his property, Florida, Magnolia, and Daisy cottages, which are being put into thorough repair for the summer season.

Steamer Seacoast sailed this week for the fishing grounds, Long Island.

Captain Isaac F. Macchestrer is in charge of her.

The Steamer Amaranth will shortly be ready for her fishing tour with Captain James B. Church, Jr., in charge.

The American Fisheries Co. have loaded 10,000 barrels of Menhaden at their factory at Promised Land, New York.

The Rev. Gilbert W. Laidlaw of Fall River, who has had charge of the services at the Episcopal Mission church in this town for the past six months, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Episcopal church at Middleboro.

The first clambake of the season at Island Park will be given next Sunday. The restaurants and clambakes will be in charge of Joseph H. Rogers who conducted them last year. Many improvements have been made since last season. The dining hall and dance hall have been enlarged.

Miss Blanche Durfee and Walter L. Cook of Little Compton were united in marriage at the Congregational Parsonage by Rev. Charles O. Parker, this week.

A large delegation of the members of the Mariner's Lodge, N. E. O. P., attended the meeting of Fraternity Lodge, N. E. O. P., Fall River, Wednesday evening.

Nonquit Grange, P. of H., held its usual meeting Wednesday evening and adjourned.

Genealogical.

THE GENEALOGIST'S NORTH BOOK—WEEKLY \$1 per annum. 500 pages.—Endicott Press, Danvers, Mass.

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THE MAVERLOWER. Lines of the passengers who came out in the "Maverlower" ship in 1632.

FORTUNE, ANN AND LITTLE JAMES

1-15-11

THE "OLD NORTH WEST"

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Illustrated Booklet Free.

Those contemplating a trip to Annual Meeting National Educational Association, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., July 11 to 14, 1900, or others who desire to take advantage of the low rate, should not fail to procure a copy of this interesting booklet, issued by the Chicago & North Western R.R., giving full information as to routes, time of trains, rates and other valuable and necessary information. Sent free upon receipt of 2 cent postage by J. E. Britton, 288 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

New Advertisements.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Notice of Applications for Transfer of Liquor Licenses.

THE FOLLOWING NAMED PERSONS have made application for liquor licenses under the provisions of Chapter 192 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of said city viz:

Brennan John, 38 and 40 Bath road.

Homan Michael J., 10 Franklin street.

The Board of License Commissioners will be in session at the City Hall, on Wednesday, May 31, 1899, at 8 o'clock p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrances to be heard before acting upon applications or granting licenses.

Published by order of the License Commissioners.

E. W. HIGGEE, Clerk.

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

NEWPORT, SO. OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE APPEAL DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT.

WHEREAS, Mary Eliza Toney, of the City of Newport, in the County and State aforesaid has filed her petition in said office, praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between said Mary Eliza Toney and Andrew Toney, now in parts to the said Mary Eliza Toney unknown, notice is therefore hereby given to said Andrew Toney to appear, if he shall see fit, at the appellate division of the Supreme Court, to be held at the Court House in said Newport, within and for the said County of Newport, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1899, then and there to respond to said petition.

CHARLES H. HARVEY, Clerk.

5-13-99

Town of New Shoreham.

Notice of Application for Liquor Licenses.

AT A MEETING of the Town Council of the town of New Shoreham, held Monday, May 15, 1899, the following named persons made application for a liquor license of the second class, under the provisions of Chapter 192 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, to sell pure, spirituous, intoxicating and malt liquors within the limits of said town, viz:

G. E. & A. BROWN, within the Mortizes Hotel.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall to be held on MONDAY, the 5th day of June, A. D. 1899, at 8 o'clock p. m., when opportunity will be given for remonstrances to be heard before acting upon said application or granting license under it.

Published by order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD F. CHAMPLIN, Council Clerk.

6-13-99

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

To the heirs of Anthony Hartley, Jr., and all

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed made by Anthony Hartley, Jr., to Ann Hartley, bearing date September 6th, A. D. 1891, and recorded with the Register of Deeds, Book 27, page 38 and 39, there having been default in performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold by public auction on MONDAY, May 29, A. D. 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the premises hereinafter described, in the said town of Tiverton, R. I., all the right, title and interest of the said Anthony Hartley, Jr., at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract of land with the buildings thereon, situated as follows:—Northwesterly, by Jason Street, eight rods; Easterly, by land of Holden Hazzard, about one hundred and sixty five feet and comprising on half an acre of land more or less; being lots Nos. 16 and 17 in Section 2 of the town of Tiverton, R. I., and conveyed to me by deed of Anthony Hartley, dated August 19, 1891, to be recorded.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intent on to bid at said sale.

ANN HARTLEY, Mortgagee.

4-23-99

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

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OBSTINATE CUBANS.

Many Refuse to Accept American Money or to Give Up Their Arms.

Havana, May 26.—General Lee, military governor of Havana, Pinar del Rio department, wires Governor General Brooke that 20 Cubans of the command of General Mayla Rodriguez, near Maricao, dispersed, after resolving not to take the \$5 per man. Some of them said their arms and others took them to their homes. Telegrams from different points say that the Cuban army in the western provinces will adopt the idea of the troops in the Orient, declining to give up arms or to accept American money. According to these reports the government employees will contribute a percentage of their salaries in order to give the soldiers an amount equal to that offered by the United States.

In a discussion, in an editorial statement of the present condition, says that the danger of maintaining an armed force is patent and it appeals to the men to disband peacefully; but it passionately enumerates the reasons which it considers to exist against forcing a surrender of the arms and closes the editorial with the following statement: "By adopting the force the United States would commit an injustice. Let the chiefs arrange the matter as they believe would be best. Then within 15 days there will not be a single regiment under arms; the Americans will have confidence in the Cubans and the Cubans can depend upon the fulfillment of the promises made by the Americans, who really desire to see Cuba independent."

Let to New York Presbytery.

Minneapolis, May 26.—In the hands of the Presbytery of New York is the fate of Rev. Arthur C. McGiffert, professor of church history in the Union theological seminary, New York. The general assembly of the Presbyterian church steered clear, as it hopes, of the rocks of another heresy trial when it voted, after a tumultuous and sometimes personal debate, to refer the whole matter to the



PROFESSOR MCGIFFERT.

Presbytery of New York in such disposition as in its judgment the peace of the church and the purity of the doctrine may require. The bills and overtures committee's report was a review of the case and the statement of four fundamental doctrines of the church which Dr. McGiffert's "History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age" is held to deny.

PARIS WENT ASHORE.

All Reassured by Captain's Demeanor, and Perfect Order Was Maintained.

The American line steamer Paris, Captain Watkins, is hard and fast aground just off Lowlands Point, two miles east of Covecroft. The passengers were landed safely at Falmouth. It is not yet known to what extent the vessel is damaged.

When the vessel struck assistance was summoned by means of rockets. As soon as the signals of distress were seen at Covecroft the rocket apparatus was made ready and a crew of four men put out in a lifeboat and proceeded to the stranded ship. The men report that when they reached the Paris they found no other sign of excitement aboard the ship.